# THE CONQUEST of CANAAN

By BOOTH TARKINGTON,

Author of "Cherry," "Monsieur Beaucaire," Etc.



CHAPTER XI.

He did not know her, but his timidity and a strange little choke in his throat, the sudden fright which had seized him, were not caused by embarrassment. He had no thought that she was one he had known, but could not for the moment recall. There was nothing of the awkwardness of that. No; he was overpowered by the miracle of this meeting. And yet, while with marveling, he felt it to be so much more touchingly a greater happiness than he had ever known that at first it was inexpressibly sad.

At last he heard her voice again, shaking a little, as she said:

"I am glad you remembered."

"Remembered what?" he faltered.

"Then you don't?" she cried. "And yet you came."

"Came here, do you mean?"

"Yes—now, at noon."

"Ah!" he half whispered, unable to speak aloud. "Was it you who said—who said: 'Remember! Across—across'"—

"'Across Main street bridge at noon!'" she finished for him gently. "Yes."

He took a deep breath in the wonder of it. "Where was it you said that?" he asked slowly. "Was it last night?"

"Don't you even know that you came to meet me?"

"I—came to—to meet—you!"

She gave a little pitying cry, very near a sob, seeing his utter bewilderment.

"It was like the strangest dream in the world," she said. "You were at the station when I came last night. You don't remember at all?"

His eyes downcast, his face burning hotly, he could only shake his head.

"Yes," she continued. "I thought no one would be there, for I had not written to say what train I should take, but when I stepped down from the platform you were standing there, though you didn't see me at first—not until I had called your name and ran to you. You said, 'I've come to meet you,' but you said it queerly, I thought. And then you called a carriage for me. But you seemed so strange. You couldn't tell how you knew that I was coming, and—and then I—I understood you weren't yourself. You were very quiet, but I knew—I knew! So I made you get into the carriage—and—and"—

She faltered to a stop, and with that shame itself brought him courage. He turned and faced her. She had lifted her handkerchief to her eyes, but at his movement she dropped it, and it was not so much the delicate loveliness of her face that he saw then as the tears upon her cheeks.

"Ah, poor boy!" she cried. "I knew! I knew!"

"You—you took me home?"

"You told me where you lived," she answered. "Yes, I took you home."

"I don't understand," he stammered huskily. "I don't understand."

She leaned toward him slightly, looking at him with great intentness.

"You didn't know me last night," she said. "Do you know me now?"

For answer he could only stare at her, dumfounded. He lifted an unsteady hand toward her appealingly, but the manner of the lady as she saw the truth underwent an April change.

*"You told me where you lived," she answered.*

She drew back lightly. He was favored with the most delicious low laugh he had ever heard, and by some magic whisk which she accomplished there was no sign of tears about her.

"Ah, I'm glad you're the same, Joe!" she said. "You never would or could pretend very well. I'm glad you're the same, and I'm glad I've changed, though that isn't why you have forgotten me. You've forgotten me because you never thought of me. Perhaps I should not have known you if you had changed a great deal, as I have."

He started, leaning back from her.

"Ah," she laughed, "that's it! That funny little twist of the head you always had, like a—like a—well, you know I must have told you a thousand times that it was like a nice friendly puppy. So why shouldn't I say so now? And your eyebrows! When you look like that nobody could ever forget you, Joe.",

He rose from the log, and the mongrel leaped upon him uproariously, thinking they were to go home belike to food.

The lady laughed again. "Don't let him spoil my parasol. And I must warn you now, Never, never tread on my skirt! I'm very irritable about such things!"

He had taken three or four uncertain backward steps from her. She sat before him, radiant with laughter, the loveliest creature he had ever seen, but between him and this charming vision there swept, through the warm, scented June air, a veil of snow like a driven fog, and half obscured in the heart of it a young girl stood knee deep in a drift piled against an old picket gate, her black waterproof and shabby skirt flapping in the blizzard like torn sails, one of her hands outstretched toward him, her startled eyes fixed on his.

"And, oh, how like you," said the lady; "how like you and nobody else in the world, Joe, to have a yellow dog!"

"Ariel Tabor!"

His lips formed the words without sound.

"Isn't it about time?" she said. "Are strange ladies in the habit of descending from trains to take you home?"

Once, upon a white morning long ago, the sensational progress of a certain youth up Main street had stirred Canaan. But that day was as nothing to this. Mr. Bantry had left temporary paralysis in his wake, but in the case of the two young people who passed slowly along the street today it was petrifaction, which seemingly threatened in several instances (most notably that of Mr. Arp) to become permanent.

The lower portion of the street, lined with three and four story buildings of brick and stone, rather grim and hot facades under the midday sun, afforded little shade to the church comers, who were working homeward in processional little groups and clumps, none walking fast, though none with the appearance of great leisure, since neither rate of progress would have been esteemed befitting the day. The growth of Canaan, steady, though never startling, had left almost all of the churches downtown, and Main street the principal avenue of communication between them and the "residence section." So today the intermittent procession stretched along the new cement sidewalks from a little below the square to upper Main street, where maples lined the thoroughfare and the mansions of the affluent stood among pleasant lawns and shrubberies.

It was late, for this had been a communion Sunday, and those far in advance, who had already reached the pretty and shady part of the street, were members of the churches where services had been shortest, though few in the long parade looked as if they had been attending anything very short, and many heads of families were crisp in their replies to the theological inquiries of their offspring. The men imparted largely a gloom to the itinerant concourse, most of them wearing hot, long black coats and having wilted their collars, the ladies relieving this gloom somewhat by the lighter tints of their garments, the spick and span little girls relieving it greatly by their white dresses and their faces, the latter bright with the hope of Sunday ice cream, while the boys, experiencing some solace in that they were finally out where a person could at least scratch himself if he had to, yet oppressed by the decorous necessities of the day, marched along, furtively planning behind imperturbably secretive countenances various means for the later dispersal of an odious monotony.

Usually the conversation of this long string of the homeward bound was not too frivolous or worldly. Nay; it properly inclined to discussion of the sermon.

It was a serious and seemly Sunday parade, the propriety of whose behavior was today almost disintegrated when the lady of the bridge walked up the street in the shadow of a lacy lavender parasol carried by Joseph Louden. The congregation of the church across the square—that to which Joe's stepaunt had been late—was just debouching, almost in mass, upon Main street when these two went by. It is not quite the truth to say that all except the children came to a dead halt, but it is not very far from it. The air was thick with subdued exclamations and whisperings.

Here is no mystery. Joe was probably the only person of respectable derivation in Canaan who had not known for weeks that Ariel Tabor was on her way home. And the news that she had arrived the night before had been widely disseminated on the way to church, entering church, in church (even so!) and coming out of church. An account of her house in the Avenue Henri Martin and of her portrait in the Salon—a mysterious business to many and not lacking in grandeur for that—had occupied two columns in the Tocsin on a day some months before when Joe had found himself inimically headlined on the first page and had dropped the paper without reading further. Ariel's name had been in the mouth of Canaan for a long time—unfortunately for Joe, however, not in the mouth of that Canaan which held converse with him.

Joe had not known her. The women recognized her infallibly at first glance, even those who had quite forgotten her. And the women told their men; hence the un-Sunday-like demeanor of the procession, for few towns hold it more unseemly to stand and stare at passersby, especially on the Sabbath. But Ariel Tabor returned—and walking with—with Joe Louden!

Ariel flushed a little when she perceived the extent of their conspicuousness, but it was not the blush that Joe remembered had reddened the tanned skin of old, for her brownness had gone long ago, though it had not left her merely pink and white. This was a delicate rosiness rising from her cheeks to her temples, as the earliest dawn rises. If there had been many words left in Joe he would have called it a divine blush. It fascinated him, and if anything could have deepened the glamour about her it would have been this blush. He did not understand it, but when he saw it he stumbled.

Those who gaped and stared were for him only blurs in the background. Truly, he saw "men as trees walking," and when it became necessary to step out to the curb in passing some clump of people it was to him as if Ariel and he, enchantedly alone, were working their way through underbrush in the woods.

He kept trying to realize that this lady of wonder was Ariel Tabor, but he could not. He could not connect the shabby Ariel, whom he had treated as one boy treats another, with this young woman of the world. He had always been embarrassed himself and ashamed of her when anything she did made him remember that, after all, she was a girl, as on the day he ran away when she kissed a lock of his hair escaping from the bandage. With that recollection even his ears grew red. It did not seem probable that it would ever happen again. The next instant he heard himself calling her "Miss Tabor."

At this she seemed amused. "You ought to have called me that years ago," she said, "for all you knew me."

"I did know her—you, I mean," he answered. "I used to know nearly everything you were going to say before you said it. It seems strange now"—

"Yes," she interrupted, "it does seem strange now."

"Somehow," he went on, "I doubt if now I'd know."

"Somehow," she echoed, with fine gravity, "I doubt it too."

Although he had so dim a perception of the staring and whispering which greeted and followed them, Ariel, of course, was thoroughly aware of it, though the only sign she gave was the slight blush, which very soon disappeared. That people turned to look at her may have been not altogether a novelty. A girl who had learned to appear unconscious of the continental stare, the following gaze of the boulevards, the frank glasses of the costanza in Rome, was not ill equipped to face Main street, Canaan, even as it was today.

Under the sycamores before they started they had not talked a great deal. There had been long silences, almost all her questions concerning the period of his runaway absence. She appeared to know and to understand everything which had happened since his return to the town. He had not, in his turn, reached the point where he would begin to question her. He was too breathless in his consciousness of the marvelous present hour. She had told him of the death of Roger Tabor, the year before. "Poor man!" she said gently. "He lived to see how the other fellows did it' at last, and everybody liked him. He was very happy over there."

After a little while she had said that it was growing close upon lunch time; she must be going back.

"Then—then—goodby," he replied ruefully.

"Why?"

"I'm afraid you don't understand. It wouldn't do for you to be seen with me. Perhaps, though, you do understand. Wasn't that why you asked me to meet you out here beyond the bridge?"

In answer she looked at him full and straight for three seconds, then threw back her head and closed her eyes tight with laughter. Without a word she took the parasol from him, opened it herself, placed the smooth white coral handle of it in his hand and lightly took his arm. There was no further demur on the part of the young man. He did not know where she was going. He did not ask.

Once Ariel smiled politely, not at Mr. Louden, and inclined her head twice, with the result that the latter, after thinking for a time of how gracefully she did it and how pretty the top of her hat was, became gradually conscious of a meaning in her action—that she had bowed to some one across the street. He lifted his hat, about four minutes late, and discovered Mamie Pike and Eugene upon the opposite pavement walking home from church together. Joe changed color.

The sound of Ariel's voice brought him to himself.

"She is lovelier than ever, isn't she?"

"Yes, indeed," he answered blankly.

"Would you still risk"— she began, smiling, but, apparently thinking better of it, changed her question: "What is the name of your dog, Mr. Louden? You haven't told me."

"Oh, he's just a yellow dog," he evaded unskillfully.

"Young man!" she said sharply.

"Well," he admitted reluctantly, "I call him Speck for short."

"And what for long? I want to know his real name."

"It's mighty inappropriate, because we're fond of each other," said Joe, "but when I picked him up he was so yellow and so thin and so creeping and so scared that I christened him 'Respectability.'"

They were now opposite the Pike mansion, and, to his surprise, she turned, indicating the way by a touch upon his sleeve, and crossed the street toward the gate, which Mamie and Eugene had entered. Mamie, after exchanging a word with Eugene upon the steps, was already hurrying into the house.

Ariel paused at the gate as if waiting for Joe to open it.

"Don't you know?" she cried. "I'm staying here. Judge Pike has charge of all my property. He was the administrator or something." Then, seeing him chopfallen and aghast, she went on: "Of course you don't know. You don't know anything about me. You haven't even asked."

"You're going to live here?" he gasped.

"Will you come to see me?" she laughed. "Will you come this afternoon?"

He grew white. "You know I can't," he said.

"You came here once. You risked a good deal then just to see Mamie dance by a window. Don't you dare a little for an old friend?"

"All right," he gulped. "I'll try."

Mr. Bantry had come down to the gate and was holding it open, his eyes fixed upon Ariel, within them a rising glow. An impression came to Joe afterward that his stepbrother had looked very handsome.

"Possibly you remember me, Miss Tabor?" said Eugene in a deep and impressive voice, lifting his hat. "We were neighbors, I believe, in the old days."

She gave him her hand in a fashion somewhat mannerly, favoring him with a bright, negligent smile. "Oh, quite," she answered, turning again to Joe as she entered the gate. "Then I shall expect you?"

"I'll try," said Joe. "I'll try."

He stumbled away. Respectability and he together interfering alarmingly with the comfort of Mr. Flitcroft, who had stopped in the middle of the pavement to stare glassily at Ariel. Eugene accompanied the latter into the house, and Joe, looking back, understood. Mamie had sent his stepbrother to bring Ariel in—and to keep him from following.

"This afternoon!" The thought took away his breath, and he became paler.







Occasionally one has the fortune to meet women who are ideal in looks and figure. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred you will find she takes Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. Tea or Tablets, 35 cents. Frank Hart.

SHRINERS WRECKED.

En Route to Los Angeles on Santa Fe Twelve Injured.

RATON, N. M., May 4.—West bound Santa Fe passenger train No. 1, was wrecked Wednesday night 20 miles south of Raton by the breaking of an axle under the engine tender. Twelve passengers were injured, ten seriously but none fatally.

The train carried many Shriners en route to Los Angeles. Two hundred and eight passengers on the train were thrown into a panic by the wreck. Alexander Kueller, of Los Angeles, was hurt, one hand being bruised. Two of the passengers were taken to the hospital at Los Vegas. Traffic was delayed fifteen hours, and the loss to rolling stock amounted to $7,500.

Some of the passengers in their excitement jumped through windows and were cut by glass.







## TIDE TABLE, MAY

| MAY, .1907. Low Water. Date. | A. M. h.m. | ft. | P. M. h.m. | ft. | MAY, .1907. High Water. Date. | A. M. h.m. | ft. | P. M. h.m. | ft. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Wednesday .. .. 1 | 9:37 | -0.9 | 9:38 | 2.8 | Wednesday .. .. 1 | 2:42 | 9.4 | 3:59 | 7.3 |
| Thursday .. .. 2 | 10:32 | -0.7 | 10:38 | 3.2 | Thursday .. .. 2 | 3:29 | 9.1 | 5:02 | 7.0 |
| Friday .. .. 3 | 11:33 | -0.3 | 11:48 | 3.5 | Friday .. .. 3 | 4:25 | 8.6 | 6:10 | 6.9 |
| Saturday .. .. 4 | .... | .... | 12:36 | 0.1 | Saturday .. .. 4 | 5:03 | 8.0 | 7:22 | 7.1 |
| SUNDAY .. .. 5 | 1:18 | 3.4 | 1:49 | 0.4 | SUNDAY .. .. 5 | 5:47 | 7.6 | 8:27 | 7.4 |
| Monday .. .. 6 | 2:28 | 3.0 | 2:50 | 0.7 | Monday .. .. 6 | 8:07 | 7.3 | 9:23 | 7.7 |
| Tuesday .. .. 7 | 3:39 | 2.4 | 3:48 | 1.0 | Tuesday .. .. 7 | 9:22 | 7.4 | 10:09 | 8.1 |
| Wednesday .. .. 8 | 4:32 | 1.5 | 4:40 | 1.2 | Wednesday .. .. 8 | 10:24 | 7.5 | 10:52 | 8.4 |
| Thursday .. .. 9 | 5:23 | 1.0 | 5:26 | 1.3 | Thursday .. .. 9 | 11:17 | 7.7 | 11:30 | 8.6 |
| Friday .. .. 10 | 6:07 | 0.3 | 6:10 | 1.7 | Friday .. .. 10 | .... | .... | 12:03 | 7.7 |
| Saturday .. .. 11 | 6:48 | 0.1 | 6:48 | 2.1 | Saturday .. .. 11 | 0:06 | 8.8 | 12:47 | 7.5 |
| SUNDAY .. .. 12 | 7:27 | -0.1 | 7:21 | 2.5 | SUNDAY .. .. 12 | 0:37 | 8.9 | 1:27 | 7.2 |
| Monday .. .. 13 | 8:02 | -0.1 | 7:52 | 2.9 | Monday .. .. 13 | 1:08 | 8.8 | 2:05 | 7.1 |
| Tuesday .. .. 14 | 8:33 | -0.1 | 8:23 | 3.2 | Tuesday .. .. 14 | 1:38 | 8.7 | 2:43 | 6.8 |
| Wednesday .. .. 15 | 9:05 | 0.1 | 8:52 | 3.5 | Wednesday .. .. 15 | 2:08 | 8.5 | 3:31 | 6.5 |
| Thursday .. .. 16 | 9:38 | 0.3 | 9:28 | 3.8 | Thursday .. .. 16 | 2:40 | 8.3 | 4:03 | 6.4 |
| Friday .. .. 17 | 10:04 | 0.5 | 10:04 | 3.9 | Friday .. .. 17 | 3:16 | 7.9 | 4:43 | 6.4 |
| Saturday .. .. 18 | 10:54 | 0.7 | 11:10 | 3.9 | Saturday .. .. 18 | 3:56 | 7.6 | 5:31 | 6.5 |
| SUNDAY .. .. 19 | 11:40 | 0.9 | .... | .... | SUNDAY .. .. 19 | 4:47 | 7.2 | 6:25 | 6.6 |
| Monday .. .. 20 | 0:12 | 3.8 | 12:31 | 1.2 | Monday .. .. 20 | 5:48 | 6.8 | 7:20 | 7.0 |
| Tuesday .. .. 21 | 1:25 | 3.4 | 1:27 | 1.4 | Tuesday .. .. 21 | 7:02 | 6.6 | 8:12 | 7.5 |
| Wednesday .. .. 22 | 2:26 | 2.8 | 2:35 | 1.6 | Wednesday .. .. 22 | 8:17 | 6.6 | 9:02 | 7.9 |
| Thursday .. .. 23 | 3:28 | 2.0 | 3:24 | 1.8 | Thursday .. .. 23 | 9:28 | 6.9 | 9:51 | 8.4 |
| Friday .. .. 24 | 4:27 | 1.1 | 4:23 | 1.9 | Friday .. .. 24 | 10:28 | 7.2 | 10:38 | 8.8 |
| Saturday .. .. 25 | 5:18 | 0.2 | 5:15 | 2.0 | Saturday .. .. 25 | 11:20 | 7.5 | 11:22 | 9.4 |
| SUNDAY .. .. 26 | 6:07 | -0.6 | 6:03 | 2.2 | SUNDAY .. .. 26 | .... | .... | 12:18 | 7.6 |
| Monday .. .. 27 | 6:56 | -1.2 | 6:52 | 2.4 | Monday .. .. 27 | 0:05 | 9.8 | 1:11 | 7.6 |
| Tuesday .. .. 28 | 7:44 | -1.5 | 7:42 | 2.6 | Tuesday .. .. 28 | 0:49 | 10.0 | 2:03 | 7.7 |
| Wednesday .. .. 29 | 8:38 | -1.6 | 8:32 | 2.8 | Wednesday .. .. 29 | 1:33 | 9.9 | 2:57 | 7.8 |
| Thursday .. .. 30 | 9:24 | -1.5 | 9:28 | 3.0 | Thursday .. .. 30 | 2:22 | 9.6 | 3:51 | 7.5 |
| Friday .. .. 31 | 10:17 | -1.1 | 10:31 | 3.1 | Friday .. .. 31 | 3:13 | 9.2 | 4:49 | 7.5 |